

Charles II
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sharp
2 pages

A
PINDARICK ODE
ON THE
SACRED MEMORY
Of Our late Gracious Sovereign
King CHARLES II.

To which is added,
Another ESSAY

On the same Occasion,
By Sir F. F. Knight of the Bath.

*Dum juga montis Aper, fluvios dum Piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur Apes dum rore Cicadæ,
Semper Honos Nomenque tuum Laudesque manebunt. Virg.*

L O N D O N,
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the Temple-Church: 1685.

A Pindarick ODE.

STANZA I.

A *S distant Thunder in a rowling Cloud,
First murmurs inwardly, then roars aloud,
O're the amaz'd and listning Croud,
'Till the dread Clap frights ev'ry mortal Ear,
Too weak Heav'ns angry Voice to bear;
Such was the sad distracting News*

*Which February's fatal Ides did bring,
The dang'rous sickness of our best-lov'd KING,
That piec'd the Soul and did the Mind amaze:*

*Trembling with painful Doubt we wait
To know what the next Messenger will say,
And all the while we weep, and all the while we Pray;
When suddenly Deaths Herald spoke the dreadful Fate,
(Alas! the miserable Day!)*
The News too sad to hear, too Killing to Repeat!

I I.

*Horror and Cryes fill all around,
Distracted looks, and Throbbing hearts,
In ev'ry dismal place are found;
As if 'twere the last Trumpet's sound:
And hideous Groans do Eccho from all parts.
Frighted with what I saw and heard;
But ah, much more with what I fear'd:
The blasted City soon I left;
And, as of Reason quite bereft,
I wildly roam'd about to seek some place
Less Dolefull than the City was;
Where without Partners, without lookers on,
I might enjoy my grief alone,
And for a little space
Might lay the weighty Burden of my Sorrows down.*

III.

And long I had not rov'd about,
 Ere an approv'd Retirement I found out ;
Ruins, that to Religion Sacred were of *Port* ;
 Nor now less venerable than heretofore :
 Where all things did my Melancholy fancy please ;
 Murmuring Waters, awfull Cliffs and wither'd Trees :
 Where cheerful Birds ne're Sing, nor e're blows gentle Breez :
 Nor any Beast, nor humane Face,
 Was to be seen upon the lonely place.
 To this forlorn and uncouth Seat,
 I, softly with my load of Grief, retreat :
 Where ev'ry Rock and ev'ry Tree
 Wou'd (I knew) condole with me ;
 Only stern *Fate* would unrelenting be.
 Thus then with many a Tear and Groan
 My Dead, my Sacred *PRINCE* I did bemoan.

IV.

CHARLES, the Merciful and Good !
CHARLES, the Flow'r of Princely Blood !
 Of all we Earthly Gods do call,
CHARLES, the most Belov'd of all !
 Our Hearts Delight, Joy of our Eyes ;
 And whom not we alone did prize,
 Through the whole *Universe* his Glory flies,
 Ev'n Nations Strangers to our Faith and God,
 Had heard his wondrous Fame,
 Rever'd his awful Name,
 And Eastern Princes Dazled with his bright Renown,
 Which did so much Eclipse their own ;
 Sent their Ambassadors abroad
 To Court the favour of this second *SOLOMON* ;
 Of him to learn the Royal Art
 To Govern and secure their Peoples Heart,
 While *Christendom* from ev'ry part
 Did to his well known Justice still appeal,
 Whose Word and Wisdom ever turn'd the Scale:

V.

He that can tell the drops of Rain,
 That in *April's* Month do fall,
 (Or His sad Subjects Tears can count,
 Which to a greater number mount;)

May reckon up his *Glories*, but not all,
 (For that Essay would be in vain,)

Which did adorn his Life and Consecrate his Reign;
 Great Lord of Wit, Patron of Arts he was,
 Learnings strong Atlas, Poetry's best friend;
 Crown'd with each Ray, and blest with ev'ry Grace,
 That cou'd a Prince Adorn or recommend.

But if in ought he did himself excell,
 'Twas in His boundless Clemency!
 In which he seem'd Heav'n's Parallel;
 Nay, His was of that vast extent,
 That oft he Pardon'd the *Impenitent*.

VI.

But as Ten Thousand scatter'd Raies
 By Art are made to center in one Glass;
 So all the *Tenderness* and Love
 Which in his heart did to His Subjects move,
 First on his Royal Brother fell, and through him did pass.
 Not fearing loss of *Empire*, or of *Life*,
 When high Born JAMES was with his Foes at strife;
 When Sawcy, Faction's *Senates* menac'd high,
 And blush'd not to decry
 The Crown's Just Heir and truest Friend to Monarchy;
 Our KING close to his BROTHERS Inter'st stood,
 And stemm'd the Impetuous Flood:
 To the dire Project soon he put an end,
 And shew'd himself not more a Monarch, than a Friend.
 Friendship like this the World did never know,
 Save what the King of Heav'n did show,
 Who for our sakes, descending here below,
 Ceas'd to be happy, that we might be so.

VII.

How dear to *Heav'n* its *Champion* was, our *Prince*,
 (Who did so well defend the *Crown*
 And *Faith* which he receiv'd from thence,
 The *Publick Weal* preferring to his own,)
 Let the long chain of *Miracles* convince,
 Though *Fiends* and *Fiend-like-men* combin'd in one;
 That destin'd, brought, and kept him on his *Throne*;
 Witness that *shining Herald*, sent
 To tell the World of his *Illustrious Birth*,
 As if kind *Heav'n* had hereby meant
Another God is Born on Earth!
 At Noon we saw the new *Born Star*
 Shine on his *Infant Brother* here,
 With a *mild Aspect*, yet so bright and clear,
 As did outvie the *Mid-day Sun*,
 As far as *He Himself* all other *Kings* has done.

VIII.

And when *Rebellion* black and dire
 Had harra's'd long his God-like *SIRE*;
 Whose *Life* it *barbarously* took away,
 Of all things *Great* and *Holy* made a *Prey*;
 And turn'd *Three Kingdoms* into one *Aceldama*:
 Our late (ah wretched word!) our *Heav'n-lov'd KING*,
 Kind *Providence* did wondrously convey,
 And shelter'd him beneath its *Wing*,
 From all the ills which *War* and *Chance*,
 And *Treasons* blacker than the *Night*;
 Did long against his *Sacred Life* advance,
 Witness his happy 'scape from *Wor'ster's* bloody *Fight*:
 Where Hov'ring *Angels* with their mighty *shield*
 Sav'd Him from all the *Hazards* of that dreadful *Field*;
 And their important *Charge*, by ways unknown, convey'd,
 And in a Neighb'ring friendly *shade*,
 Where sturdy *Oaks* stretch'd out their *Arms* on high;
 (Oh shame to *Mans Barbarity*!)
 To shelter and receive distressed *MAGESTY*;
 Witness O *Boscobel*, thy *Monumental Tree*.

IX.

From thence through Dangers numberless,
 In mighty wants and deep distress
 At home, abroad, by Land and Seas,
 (As once his high fam'd Ancestor, the wandering *Trojan Prince*)
 By many a wondrous Providence,
 During his *Nine years Exile* hence,
 Heav'n its regard of Him did evidence,
 When the *Almighty King*, to show his care
 Of such as his Vicegerents are ;
 When *Humane Force* could do *no more*, and when
 Our dying Hopes cou'd ebb no lower ;
 Did by a *Turn Miraculous* restore
 Our *King* to *us*, *us* to our *King* again.
 To bring which blessed work to pass,
 Neither Mans Pow'r nor Policy had place ;
 No Contract made, nor blows were given ;
 The astonish'd World saw 'twas the mighty work of Heav'n.

X.

A Prince so lov'd at home, and fear'd abroad ;
 Wise as an *ANGEL*, Generous as a *GOD* ;
 Though calmly settled on a lofty Throne,
 Was not above the reach of Envious Lookers-on :
 Which made him stand in need of Heav'n's high Patronage,
 (And what he needed, still he had,)
 To save his *Crown* and *Person* from the Rage
 Of Men with too much *Ease* grown Mad.
 Witness those **Plots**, the **Factions** fruitful Womb
 So oft conceiv'd, though still in vain,
 Against their *Gracious Sovereign* :
 Where often the *Discoverer*
 Play'd both the *Fiend* and *Conjuror* ;
 Which by Heav'n's care abortive still did come,
 And added to the wonders of his Reign ;
 Making his *Throne* as fix'd and Glorious as his *Wain*.

When lo ! the *Prince*, who seem'd Heav'n's chief *Delight*,
 It's *Darling* and its *Favourite*,
 His Mid-day Glories all full blown,
 How strangely are they wither'd ! oh ! how soon !
 But what Heav'n rais'd, Heav'n only can lay down.
 Low as Earth, this Fav'rite of the *Most High* is come ;
 And all his scatter'd *Trophies* serve but to adorn his *Tomb*.
 But why no *Prodigy* at all ?
 No *Beacon-Comet* fir'd above ?
 No *Monstrous Births*, no *storms*, no *Whale*,
 Or to presage Great *CHARLES* thy fall,
 Or to attend thy *Funeral* ?

Which Nature's *Fright* might shew, and Mankind's wonder move.
 Why (since a wondrous *Star* Proclaim'd his Birth,)
 Did not as wondrous an *Eclipse* foretell his leaving Earth ?
 Must *God-like Kings* like *Puny Mortals* dy ?
 Must *CHARLES* the most *August*
 Be meanly crumbled like *Plebeian* dust ?

Why deal'st thou with thy *Anointed* thus, O *King* of Princes ! why ?

XII.

But while thus ravingly I spoke,
 With a strange Horror i was struck,
 Which dimm'd my eyes, loosen'd my joysnts, and chill'd my Blood ;
 Before me strait a visionary somewhat stood ;
 Whose *Form* I cou'd not well discern ;
 Perhaps the *Genius* of the place,
 Or some such *Airy Image* 'twas ;
 Of Stature tall, clad in Blew Mists, his Visage stern :
 Which with an angry hollow *Tone*
 Thus stopp'd me——
 Shall mortal *Wight* dare to reprove,
 Or *Pry* into *Affairs* above ?
 The *Prince* whose *Death* you so bemoan,
 Was he not the *Almighties* Loan ?
 Who only has recall'd what was his own.
 His awfull *Meen* and *Heav'nly* eyes,
 Which made all *Hearts* his *Votaries* ;
 His *Soul* so soft, yet truly *Great*,
 His *Mind* so clear, and so sedate,
 Prov'd well his *Extract* from the *Skies*.

XIII.

With milder accent, and a gentler look,
The *Phantom* (now less frightful) farther spoke.

*Then if your much Lamented King
So Good and Amiable was,
Why would you have some dreadful thing
The Calmness of his Reign Deface?
Let Tyrants and Usurpers have
Sea-Monsters, and Rough Hurricanes,
Foretell their Death, and dig their Grave,
Such Prodigies suit well their Reigns;
Comets have still a noisy end,
But calmly does the Sun descend;
Or if you must have Prodigies,
Think of the Nations weeping eyes,
The truest and most moving Elegies:*

*In Halcyon-days your Dove-like Prince was Born,
Which did with him return;*

His Realms five Lustres have Peace's white Livery worn;
Living, He Peace bestow'd on every side,
Kept all in Peace, and Peaceably He dy'd.

XIV.

It scarce had spoke, when lo! a sudden Thunder
(For such at first it did appear)

Shak'd the thin Shade a funder;

Which strait dissolv'd into its *Primitive Air*.

From the cold Turf I quickly rais'd my head,

The City soon I reach'd help'd with the wings of fear;

But my old Grief and Fright soon chang'd into new wonder:

When what I took for Thunders noise,

A Second Peal inform'd me was the Cannon's Roring Voice;

Which led me to a Loyal Croud,

That with just Triumph did Proclaim

With joyful shouts, and Acclamations loud,

A New *KINGS* Title and Imperial Name.

Amaz'd at this so easie change, I said,

May this *Prodigious* shout strike all his Enemies dead;

Long, and as this day Peacefull, be his Reign,

And may his God-like Brother live in him again.

Poets, of Old, were Prophets deem'd,
 And if they now were such esteem'd,
 (And who knows but they may ?)
 If our predicting Rime;
 May lucky *Omens* prove to after times ;
 And, that some *good* may be presag'd from *Names* ;
 Then would I boldly Say,
 These Realms are *doubly blest* in that of *JAMES*.
Great Britain's Glory did Commence
 When the *First JAMES* did to the *whole* give Law:
 He joyn'd the *Kingdoms*, and deriv'd from thence
 That long white Row of Peaceful years our happy Fathers saw.
 The *Second JAMES*, by Heav'n's Decree,
 Will the *Great Healer* of our *Breaches* be.
 And as his *Wisdom* gives our *Fears* Relief,
 So will his *Mercy* cure our *Publick Grief* ;
 Well-skill'd he is in all his *Royal Grandfires Arts*,
 Who joyn'd both *Crowns*, as he will joyn all *Hearts*,
 May Heav'n fulfill and own the *Prophecy*.
 But *Ireland*, sure, above the rest
 In that *Auspicious Name* is doubly blest :
 For while the *Royal JAMES* the *English Crown* do's wear,
 And *ORMOND's Noble JAMES* remains His Viceroy there,
England and *Ireland* shall no more have cause for *Grief* or *Fear*.

UPON THE

DEATH

Of our most Excellent Sovereign

King CHARLES,

And the Happy Succession of His

HEROICK BROTHER

KING JAMES.

By Sir F. F. K^t of the Bath.

Indulgent Nature has so well design'd
 The *Shifting Scenes* of Tragical Mankind,
 That on the Confines of the *Cloudiest Grief*
 Breaks out a *Splendid Joy*, to give Relief;
 Lest ev'ry Gust of Passion should o'return
 Th' unsteady Vessels: thus we Laugh, and Mourn;
 Our Charming'st *Pleasures* languish into *Pains*,
 And *Floods* of Grief, voluptuous *Weeping* drains.
 The Thrifty Gods sell their great *Blessings* dear;
 And CHARLES must *vanish* to let JAMES appear: }
 Too *Glorious* Lights to shine in the *same Sphere*. }

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Poem on the Sacred Memory of our late Sovereign : with a Congratulation to his Present Majesty. Written by Mr. *Tate*.

A Pindarick on the Death of our Late Sovereign, with an Ancient Prophecy on His Present Majesty, Written by Mrs. *Behn*.

THE Vision: A Pindarick Ode : Occasion'd by the Death of our Late Sovereign King *CHARLES* the Second, by *Edm. Arwaker*, M. A.

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